A
Pleasant conceited Comedie of Sir IOHN FALSTAFFE,
and the merry wiues of VVindsor.

Enter Iustice Shallow, Sir Hugh, Master Page, and Slender.

Shal. Nere talke to me, Ile make a star-chamber matter of it.
The Councell shall know it.
Page. Nay good M. *Shallow* be perswaded by me.
Slen. Nay surely my Vnckle shall not put it vp so.
Sir Hugh. Will you not heare reasons, M. *Slender?*
You should heare reasons.
Shal. Though he be a Knight, he shall not thinke to carry it so away.
Master *Page* I will not be wronged. For you
Sir, I loue you, and for my cousin,
He comes to looke vpon your daughter.
Pag. And heeres my hand, and if my daughter
Like him so well as I, wee'l quickly haue't a match:
In the meane time let me entreate you to soiourne
Heere a while: and on my life
Ile vndertake to make you friends.
Sir Hugh. I pray you M. *Shallow* let it be so.